

"The action of developing and unfolding as if coming into a flower."

EFFLORESCENCE

Emma Lesyk



BIO OF THE POET

It all started with a book, and that spiraled into writing, which spiraled into a love and appreciation for story making. As a child Emma wrote many small short stories and the occasional chapter book which centered around fantasy and animals, those stories became the segway into her current writing. As she grew older she turned away from fantasy and delved into realistic fiction, that certainly had a kick. Immediately entranced by the amounts of research that realistic fiction required, she successfully created a menagerie of characters which she writes short stories about in her free time. Although writing has its hardships Emma never let those dissuade her from pursuing one of her many passions, story making and sharing those said stories among close friends.

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BLACKOUT POETRY



Blackout poetry is a type of found poetry when you take pieces of work that are already written, such as from a: book, newspaper or magazine, then you redact words by blacking them out to come up with your own poem!

The main purpose of blackout poetry is to encourage people to dig deeper into written pieces of text and uncover or create unspoken stories.

My found poems were created from *The Yellow Wallpaper* and *The Garden of Eden* I remember I fell in love with the messages of both stories so I knew I wanted to create my own poems from them.

I CREEP



window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to *look* out of the windows even — there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall-paper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope — you don't get *me* out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plaintain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't," said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing!"

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane! And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

DESTRUCTOR & INVENTOR



"What are you thinking?" the girl asked.

"Nothing."

"You have to think something."

"I was just feeling."

"How?"

"Happy."

"But I get so hungry," she said. "Is it normal do you think? Do you always get so hungry when you make love?"

"When you love somebody."

"Oh, you know too much about it," she said.

"No."

"I don't care. I love it and we don't have to worry about anything do we?"

"Nothing."

"What do you think we should do?"

"I don't know," he said. "What do you?"

"I don't care at all. If you'd like to fish I should write a letter or maybe two and then we could swim before lunch."

"To be hungry?"

"Don't say it. I'm getting hungry already and we haven't finished breakfast."

"We can think about lunch."

"And then after lunch?"

"We'll take a nap like good children."

"That's an absolutely new idea," she said. "Why have we never thought of that?"

"I have these flashes of intuition," he said. "I'm the inventive type."

"I'm the destructive type," she said. "And I'm going to destroy you. They'll put a plaque up on the wall of the building outside the room. I'm going to wake up in the night and do something to you that you've never even heard of or imagined. I was going to last night but I was too sleepy."

"You're too sleepy to be dangerous."

FREE VERSE POETRY



Free verse poetry is non metrical, non rhyming lines that closely follow the natural rhythms of speech. It has irregular lines of length. These days free verse poetry is also referred to as ‘open form poetry’ or ‘mixed form poetry’ as well!

There is no set form to free verse poetry, it is up to the writers as to how they want their poem to be so it’s a good free form poetry style to try for those who may not like rigid poetry rules and restrictions.

My poem was inspired by Billy Collins’ Introduction to Poetry poem, however mine is an introduction to a topic I know well; boredom.

INTRODUCTION TO BOREDOM



I watch them sit in
silence
and stare at the wall in
contemplation
like a fly stuck in a web

listening to the clock on
the walk tick.

I tell them to bring
themselves out
away from this rut, to
create something new

or to walk around the
universe
and feel anything at all

I want them to live
take great strides in
existing for themselves
growing into the person
they are meant to be
rather than one they are
told to be.

Yet all they can do is
remain seated
stuck in the same place
with nothing to do

They begin crying out
in remorse
to find out what life
really means.

TAPESTRY POETRY



Tapestry poetry is a form of poetry in which two people create seperate poems and then blend them together into one poem.

The purpose is to showcase just how powerful poems can become not only when they're written by one person but when the minds of two people are merged together into one.

Our poem was inspired by an African American woman known as Tanara Banks who started the ' me too' movement which helped give resources and a voice to survivors of sexual assault. Amy (Purple text) and I (Green text) decided to focus on her empathetic nature and bring light to the power that empathy has.

THE DUALITY OF EMPATHY



Empathy is a weapon, an excalibur.
It passes from pure hands to tattered skin,
Leaving a path for new growth and healing.

From blissful days to ruined nights,
It is an unstoppable force
With no remorse,
Seemingly weak but unbelievably strong.

Empathy is the fruit of hope,
It cuts through the toughest of evils
In search of the door guarding life.

The greatest gift of all,
Striving to help those around
With the most flourishing results.

Buds torn by torrential storms
In their wake
Only wilt to thrive again.

Empathy is a deadly and dangerous weapon,
Yet empathy is a gentle tree.

CONCRETE POETRY



Concrete poetry, also known as shape poetry, is the art of describing a shape through words and the placement of the words to create that shape, for example discussing rain while having your poem take the shape of a raindrop.

These poems can be written about anything just as long it takes shape or the subject you are writing about, it can be in the shape of a heart or of a circle, truly it can be anything.

One of my poems is about ice cream and the happy memories that I have eating it, while my second poem is about the universe in all of its glory which is quite a bit. It's just a poem for the world.

Ice Cream



Cool caramel flavored ice melting
Briskly down the side of the cone.
Quickly the flavors are scooped up;
I do not want to lose any of my toppings.
The sun shines through the shop windows
Hitting me with nostalgic memories.
I miss my fun in the sun,
the memories long gone.
I scoop the flavor up,
cherishing the taste.
Ice cream is
my childhood.

The Universe

Continuous Respect .
You cradle the essence
life and death within you.
With you there is no beginning,
Yet there is also never any end.
You are forever, ever changing
Dangerous and Beautiful.
All one in the same.



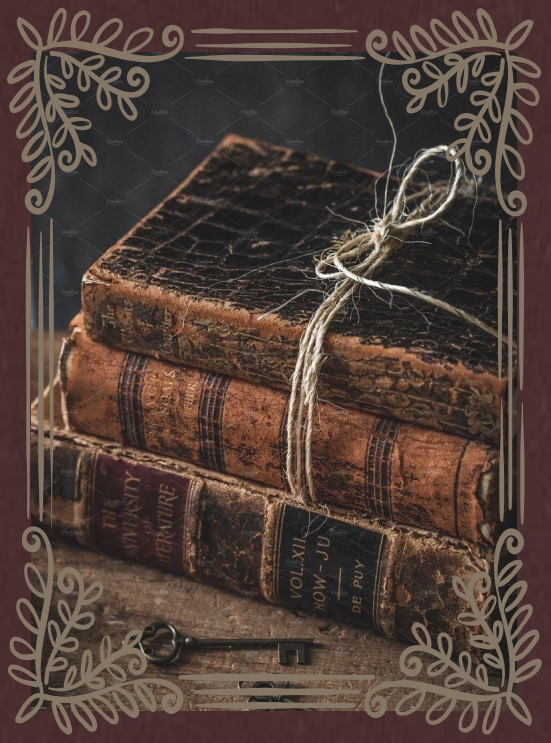
LETTER LINK POETRY



Letter link poetry is when you get a set of completely random words and then string them together to form a poem. It is also another good beginner poetry creation format because you get a list of words to integrate and combine in a poem.

Both of my poems combine their randomly generated words to tell a story of despair and fear. In Master of Ðisaster there is a person who clearly likes causing chaos, fighting others wherever they step. However, in Trapped Within Walls what is showcased is a person who has become trapped in an attic with a ghost. It's more of an internal struggle the person is having yet they take their anger out on the ghost instead.

Master of Disaster



The Master of Disaster,
known as a chaotic ruler.
Tear through cities with no remorse
leaving chaos in the echo of its wake.
A single chord of threat,
a symbol of its reign.
Causing upset among the world,
with a snarl and agile swish of its sword,
it leaves bodies on the ground;
for the survivors to bury.

TRAPPED WITHIN WALLS



"Make way! Give chase."
They say to the ghost,
lingering in the darkness.
The dark offers no relief
to those trapped in it.
The attic; a barren place
holds nothing but thin lace.
Loose thread of web rest,
draped across rotten wood.
This place gives no praise
to the dead.
Misery lurks within,
strict walls prevent escape.

Haiku Poetry



A Haiku is a Japanese poetic form which has three lines, the first line has five syllables, seven in the second, and finally five syllables in the last. It's a good beginner poetry form to start and try following poetry rules and formats. Haikus are written to evoke emotions, reminisce on the past, or focus on a larger idea or feeling.

All of my Haiku poems are nature based which is something I truly enjoy talking about. I like nature poetry and most haikus I've read have been nature based so of course I would write nature based poetry. They're all written in appreciation of the beauty of nature and focus on specific aspects that make nature beautiful.

BEAUTY OF NATURE



Rain falls forcefully
Wanting to get in the home
Dirt turns into mud

Sun floods in my room
Drowning all in sight in light
My dog sleeps; safe, warm

Wind pushes my house
Shaking the foundation hard
I watch lighting flash

SYNESTHESIA POETRY



Synesthesia is when someone experiences one of their senses through another for example someone may hear a word and associate it with a color or taste or perhaps a sound. Synesthesia poetry plays on those jumbled senses and blends human senses to describe objects.

My poem talks about noise and what colors I associate with it along with the feelings I get around that noise. It basically puts different sounds into color form and brings them to life, making them seem more real. I use certain colors with certain sounds because colors are mostly associated with feelings as well and so I use that to represent what a sound makes me feel.

COLORFUL SOUNDS



The dull hum of background noise
Colors my senses with gray and white.
My head growing foggy and still,
Until a book drops;
Red and yellow flood my vision.
Someone speaks up,
Blue, deep dark blue
Washes over me.
I turn back to my work,
Pages and papers rustle around;
and I watch
as the pages before me turn black.

Amaranth Poetry



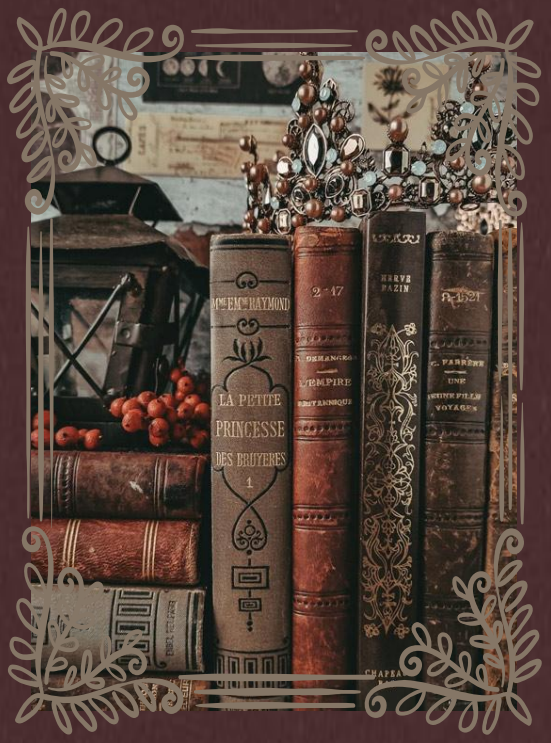
Amaranth poetry is a form of poetry that was probably created as a teaching tool by Viola Gardener. It makes deliberate use of the 9 most common metric feet, each line is one metric foot, the pattern changing from lime to line.

The amaranth is a 9 lines strophe, it is a stand alone poem. It is metric, the 9 most common metric feet are used in sequence.

My poem is about my struggles with being resilient, yet whenever I do falter and feel like I've failed I somehow am able to rise again and keep going, Resilience is never ending and even if it falters it remains strong.

RESILIENCE STRUGGLES

I grow,
Flourish,
Fight.
I learn,
Adapt and
Overcome.
Powerless I break,
Yet I get up
Again and again.



Acrostic Poetry



An acrostic poem structure, or pattern, is that the letters of a word for the theme of your poem are written down to form a word. The first letter of each line has to spell out a word and that word is the main idea of your poem.

My poem is about Autumn. Not only is my birthday during fall but Halloween is also during fall and it seems like the best season with the best holiday and celebrations. Halloween is such a big part of fall and there's so many delicious foods and smells that come into fruition around this time that I knew I had to write a poem in appreciation of fall. Every year I fall in love with the season all over again and so I made this poem to show that.

Autumn

At last the trees have changed color
Ultimately letting us know that winter is near
Time slows down as the weather grows colder
Underfoot the leaves crackle and crunch
Misty mornings welcome the world
New smells fill the air, sharing their secrets



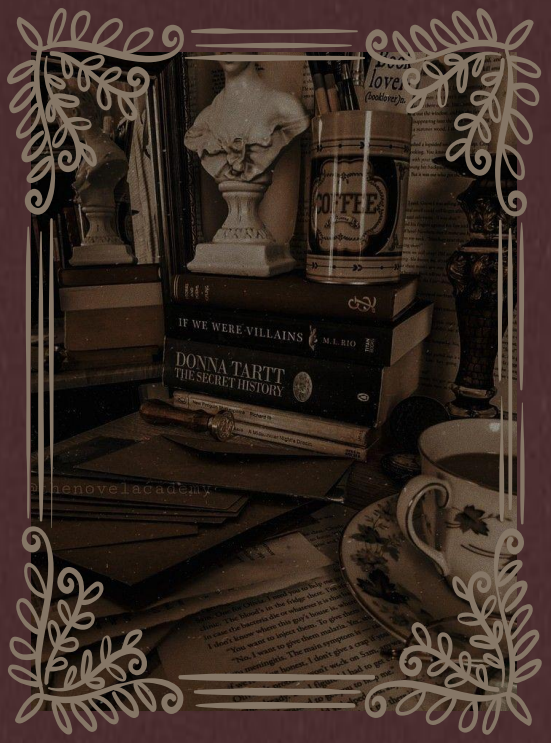
CINQUAIN POETRY



Cinquain poetry is a form of poetry inspired by Japanese haiku and tanka verse. It creates a simple five line poetic form. The subject matter is usually nature, and usually the mood is energetic as well. The first line and the last line mirror one another with sound and the number of syllables increases by two with each line before abruptly decreasing. So the format goes 2, 4, 6, 8, 2.

My poems are inspired by winter and of course all the emotions and beautiful sights that are seen during the winter time. Winter is another season I truly appreciate and so I knew I had to write about the beauty of winter and try to portray how I really see it.

Love of Winter



Look up,
At the bleak hill tops
There is comes! The first drop!
Soft, white powder covers the ground
The snow!

Listen!
Hear the silence,
Notice the bright forest.
See how it is now calm and still?
Quiet.

Fresh tracks!
An animal,
Creeps through the fresh powder.
Where is it going? I found it!
A fox!

"Who has not asked himself at some time or other, am I a monster or is this what it means to be a person" Clarice Lispector



THE END

"One reads poetry because he is a member of the human race, and the human race is filled with passion! Medicine, law, baking- these are necessary to sustain life. But poetry, romance, love, beauty? These are what we stay alive for!" N.H. Kleinbaum, Dead Poets Society

"All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream." Edgar Allan Poe

RESOURCES

SLIDES TEMPLATE:

- Slides Go

PHOTOGRAPHY:

- Links on photographs